

O R, I H E

K I N G

AND THE

COBLER.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story most merry,
Tho' not of the Abbot of *Canterbury*;
But 'tis of King *Edward* of High Renown,
How his Ghost has appear'd at fair *Windsor* Town.
Derry down, &c.

But what I have said, is said without heed,
As often we make more haste than good speed;
Fortho' I said merry, the Ghost of a King
(Pray God blefs the Queen) is a very sad thing.

Upon a fair Day, in Summer I throw,
At *Windsor* there was a very fine Show,
Six Nobles all clad in gallant Attire,
March'd out of the Castle up into the Choir,

But first it is meet that I should unfold,
As brief as I can, what old Stories have told
Of *Edward*, this Monarch of very great Fame,
The Man whom I mean was the Third of the Name.

This *Edward*, in Armies, was famous for Prowess,
Far greater and bolder than any one now is:
Two Kings at one time, his Prisoner he got,
The Tyrant of *France* and eke the false *Scot*.

Moreover, his Army did lead such a Dance,
With the Help of his Hand, that he conquer'd half *France*.
And if any doubts these Things have not been,
His Sword, in the *Abbey*, is still to be seen.

O *Louis*! O *Louis*! 'Tis Happy for thee
This *Edward* don't live, thy Pride for to see:
Had thy Grandson laid Hands on *India* or *Spain*
He, or the *Black Prince*, wou'd ha'ta'en 'em again.

For all Men of Valour his Love it was such,
That nothing he thought for a Warrior too much;
And therefore an Order for those did erect
Who their King or their Country could bravely protect;

Such Heroes as these King *Edward* did deck
With a Collar of S's, which hung round their Neck;
And also they wore, to shew their Exploits,
On their Breast, a great Star, on their Legs, *Honi soits*.

So, as I was saying, Six Nobles indeed,
March'd round *Windsor* Castle in this very Weed;
When all on a sudden, this Sight for to spy,
The Ghost of King *Edward* it came stalking by.

These Men, I presume, quoth the King in a Trance,
Have help'd to pull down the Tyranny of *France*.
Tush, Tush, quoth the Cobar, who had taken a Cup,
No, these are the Folks who have just set him up.

Thou ly'st, quoth the King, they're too innocent,
Then cast he his Eyes on *Be——t* and *K——t*:
As for t'other Four, their Names you may spare,
They're Rogues, but they look not such Rogues as they are.

If these are the things my Order must wear,
Dear Cobar, I wish I had been what you are:
By my troth, 'tis a Farce would make a Man laugh;
Quoth the King, they're all Scoundrels, and so he stalk'd off.

HARDING B.3(4)